

C. M. Barnard

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table. The Maronis had his first job at

This man plays an important part in our story, therefore we must describe him. He was a middle-aged man, with a thin, pale face and scanty hair, and a tall and rather stooping figure. One can scarcely fancy such a man in our day.

the sword that hung awkwardly at his side. It was to be observed, that the prince always praised the devoted follower; he was no doubt very useful to him.

Anrora de Capris had the honors with a cold, reserved dignity. To general women, as she was, the most beautiful—are what their feelings make them. A woman may be adorable to the one she loves, and almost displeasing to others.—But Anrora was one of those lovely creatures who please against their will, and are admired in spite of themselves. She wore the Spanish dress and voluminous folds of lace fell over the shining jet of her hair.

Although not already the, beautiful curves round her mouth already bespoke sadness. But what loveliness would a smile bestow. But she was not smiling, she was not smiling, she was pure lips—that brilliancy to those soft eyes, heavily shaded with their long silken lashes had. But alas! it was a long time since a smile had

At the end of the second course Aurora rose, and asked permission to retire. Dame Isidore cast a longing look at the pastry and sweetmeats; but it was her duty to follow her young mistress.

"Prince," said he, "you owe me my revenge at chess—are you ready?"

"Always at your service, dear Marquis," answered Gonzagues.

Caylus ordered the chessmen to be brought. This was the hundred and fiftieth game that Caylus and Gonzagues had played during the fortnight that the Prince had been at the castle.

At thirty, with his figure, wealth, and station, the violent passion for chess on the part of the Prince of Gonzagues denoted either an ardent attachment to Aurora—or to her dowry.

"You, the chessboard was brought. The Marquis of Caylus had the skill of a lad of fourteen."
"Every day Gonzague allowed himself to lose a dozen games, after which the Marquis triumphantly laid asleep. Thus Gonzague paid his debt to the tale of the chessboard."
At the end of the first game, Gonzague made a sign to Peyraube, who went out; and the others shortly followed his example.
"You did not finish, yesterday," said Gonzague, "the story of that gentleman who tried to get into the castle."
"I was obliged to go back to distract my attention from the game, but it won't do," exclaimed the Marquis laughing. "Well, that gentleman had half a dozen sword-cuts in the ditch yesterday. This has happened more than once, so even scandal could never assail the reputation of the ladies of Caylus."
"And what you then did as a husband, would you do to-day as a father?" asked Gonzague negligently.
"Assuredly," answered Caylus. "I know no

"*Shah mato*, Prince, are the Persians—*shah mato*, you know," "The king is dead," which phrase we have corrupted into check-mate." As for women, believe me, good swords and strong walls—in those are the essence of their virtue."

After saying this, the Marquis sank back in his easy chair, and dropped asleep.

Gonzagues instantly left the dining hall.

It was two hours after noon. Peyrolles was waiting for his master in the corridor.

"Well, friend—our knives?" inquired Gonzagues, as soon as he perceived his follower.

"Six have been killed," answered Peyrolles.

"Who are they?"

"At the Adam and Eve, on the other side of the Valley."

"Who are the two absent?"

"Mister Coardasse, junior, of Tarbes, and Brother Passepied, the assistant."

"Two good swordsmen?" said the Prince.—

"And the other swiftness?"

"Caius."
"With the child?"
"With the child."
"How did she enter?"
"By the cellar window which looks into the
tranches beneath the bridge."
Gonzague reflected a moment, then said:
"Have you questioned Don Bernard?"
"He is mute," answered Peyrolles.
"How much did you know?"
"Too much, indeed!"
"Donna Martha must offer where the regi-
ster is. She must not leave the castle."
"Very well," said Peyrolles.
Gonzague paced rapidly to and fro.
"I wish to speak to her myself," he mur-
mured; "what are you quite sure that my cousin
Nero has received Aurora's message?"
"Our German took it."
"And Novera will come?"
"To-night."

apartments. At the Cuvle of Caylas, three passages crossed each other at right angles, one down the centre, the other along the two wings. The Prince's apartments were in the western wing. At its end of the corridor was the staircase leading to the cellars.

A side way led to the central gallery—

—Donna Martha came out of Mademoiselle de Caylas's apartments, and with a furtive but rapid step passed along the passage. It was the hour of repose; the Spanish fashion of siesta had crossed the Pyrenees. Every one was asleep in the castle. Donna Martha had reason to believe that she would meet no one. But as she approached the door of the Prince's apartments Peyrolles rushed out suddenly upon her, thrust a handkerchief into her mouth to prevent her cries, and carried her, half fainting, into his master's room.

(To be continued.)

It is better to be laughed at than ruined—better to have a wife who like Martial's Mamura cheapens everything and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

Children talk of what they are doing, young people of what they will do, and old people of what they have done. The present, the future, the past.

All the blanks printed at this office have been revised by one of the most eminent lawyers in the State.